

The Brandon Mail.

VOL. 13., NO. 49.

BRANDON MAN., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1895.

FIVE CENTS.

TRUSSES,
BATTERIES,
CHAMOIS SKINS,
CHAMOIS VESTS,
CHEST PROTECTORS,
SPECTACLES,
SPONGES,
BRUSHES,
AND COMBS

AT
FLEMING'S
DRUG
STORES.
BRANDON AND WAWANESA.

... all the powers are possessed by
Cyanine Salve, the best
Cuts, Burns, Sores and

Municipality of Cornwallis.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that By-law No. 12 of the Rural Municipality of Cornwallis, by law to authorise the Rural Municipality to assess to the sum of \$75 of the Statutes of Manitoba, 1895, to levy an annual rate of five mills upon each acre of assessable land in the said municipality for the purpose of walls to provide a fund of which to indemnify any rate-payer of the said municipality whose property is damaged by any walls erected by any other person or persons in the said municipality after the coming into force of this by-law, destroyed or damaged by fire. A vote of the rate-payers entitled to vote on the 15th day of December, 1895, in the forenoon and five in the afternoon on the same day in the village hall in the said municipality, or in the hall of the Brandon Hills School House.

In Ward No. 3—Cornwallis School House.

In Ward No. 4—Smith & Sheriff's office in the City of Brandon.

In Ward No. 5—Lawrence School House.

All persons are hereby required to take notice that anyone desiring of applying to have any wall erected or repaired, or to assist in making application for that purpose to a Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench sitting in Brandon, with the time and place when the application is to be made, within three successive weeks in the newspaper "Brandon Mail," or he will not be liable to be bound on that behalf.

D. W. SHAW, Secy. Treas.,

Brandon, November, 1895.

... of the Eye, Ear and Throat.

... AGNEW, Specialist in assistant

Toronto, 100 and 110 University,

Montreal, 100 and 110 University,

Quebec, 100 and 110 University,

Montreal, 100 and 110 University,

WHITE MITTENS.

BY JOHN ALBEC.

New England country village which look like lives of happy and peaceful days are often nests of wags. There is very little living in them. Within a paper cell the village cultivates a sort of grub which harbors in time and rises with the sun, a living and a bountiful. This is not always seen to be the great emblem of contentment in the life of a village community. But it is only on paper. There is on the other hand unexpected sweetness; there is often a natural refinement, more engrossing than the manners of city saloons, there is friendly helpfulness, more commanding, and as it comes nearer to its object, more effective than the charities and philanthropies of cities. There are also human romances, and occasionally tragic acts out on a small stage, before an audience familiar with the actors and every incident, and savagely critical or intensely sympathetic, as the case may be.

I chanced to be present at one such entertainment, which lasted over a considerable time, and which I shall describe in two or three scenes.

The first scene—*and I see only two actions on the paper stage which is set with rustic scenes.* There is a road tree, and on the opposite, water. This latter looks as if intended for the sea. They walk along the road toward the sea: a young man, tall and stalwart, and a young woman, also tall, and of a very slight figure. Her eyes and hair are dark, and her features are somewhat too sharp for a human face. Her name is the been Chancery. She is the last descendant of a very ancient and famous family, who, perchance, is almost her only inheritance. No one could have believed that she would fail in her mission, with the aid of an angel. But so it has happened. She bore Bulen, their captain of the fishing schooner Anna. She and their walk together and make as often as they can, opportunities. These are not frequent, as he is away a large part of the time; and her mother watches her coming and going with a sharp eye and a bitter tongue. As most of the villagers are of humble birth and fortune, they rather delight in the prospect of seeing one of their own kind aspiring to the rank of the only aristocratic girl in town.

As Bulen and Rebecca walk along the road they do not appear to be alone. She seems cold and distant, but in her heart is a fire of love that burns more fervently the more she goes on. And she is obliged to repeat it, for Bulen is shy, awkward and uncommunicative. Yet Bulen's words are full of her meaning intentions, she has discovered his great, manly, affectionate nature. They have now been intimate a whole year, and every one supposes them lovers and



"COMING," SAID HE, "TOLD ME TO GOOD MORN, I WILL CALL TO PLEASE YOU."

He probably expected but that they have come to him, and a word of love. Bulen has been on the point of speaking, but the right words, the appropriate words and appropriate, which he is accustomed to using, failed him, and he was about to repeat, failing him, and failing him, in his throat that choked him.

And Rebecca has waited, and

now she has discovered his great, manly, affectionate nature. They have now been intimate a whole year, and every one supposes them lovers and

"Rebent," they said; "he is setting his line on dry land, over at the Chamberlain's; pretty dry it is. Small catch there; a big name and not enough cash to go with it. He is too good for her, anyway; but I hope he will get her if he wants her and come out of his dumps."

Bulen did not recover his usual spirits, his good old mother insisted that he was not well and needed physic, which she believed necessary for every man, woman and child at least once a year, and which she provided every spring for the members of her own family and some of the neighbors.

"There's Albermarle's Folks," she said. "In support of her faith, "I don't suppose they've physicianed for three years, and see the whole of them, what a peak yellow they are now."

Bulen took the medicine, being a good example of a child under his mother's roof, obeying and yielding to her in nearly all of her whims, which were beavered with moral shrewdness and knowledge of human nature.

"Mother," he said, "it does me no good, and I will take it to please you."

"My son, you just wait, you've been behind hand sometimes, and it will take a

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Little Boy Was Just Like Adam—He Blamed the Girl.

Human nature is the same to-day as it was on that historic sixth day when "God created man in His own image."

This fact was nicely exemplified the other day by two sweet and innocent little children. The scene was in one of those magnificent lawns that surround a modern mansion which stands in a little wooded park out in the west end. Rose bushes in variegated bloom dot the lawn and along the fence creeps a profusion of trailing vines. Cedars and maples and ornamental trees stand there, and the sun, through white clouds, the afternoon sun, looks and call to palestine lights the green leaves.

At one time, before the great city pushed its way so far westward, an old apple orchard probably marked this spot, then, in the country, for amidst the shrubbery in the lawn stand an apple tree. There are two little boys and a sweet little girl, who were playing the other afternoon. On the porch of the mansion sat their aged grandmother in an easy chair. She is a kind, intelligent lady of culture, a typical southern woman of those old antebellum days which brood so softly in her mind.

She is the widow of St. Louis, for she has been a leader in industry and in the church. The snows of seventy years have whitened her hair, and she is still full of vigor and has a keen interest in life. As this kind grandmother was watching her grandchildren at their innocent play under the apple tree she noticed that the little boy was eating a green apple. She called the little fellow and said to him: "You must not eat that apple, it will make you ill." Quick as flash the little grandmother pointed to the little girl, replied: "Oh, she pulled the apple off the tree, and said, 'It is mine.' Now, you see," remarked the aged woman, "that little girl is as bad as Adam—he plucks all the leaves on the shirt." Truly this beautiful lawn, with its trees and flowers, bore a striking resemblance to the Garden of Eden.

The crepons make delightful wrappers

—not the loose, full weave of crepon, but the small—and the all-wood or all-cotton crepons, which only comes in every conceivable weave, but in every color, and the most fascinating shades can be bought even in the cheapest qualities.

Pink is always a good color for a crepon, and a pink crepon made with Waucon fabric, full pointed robe collar bound with pink ribbons and loose fronts trimmed with platters of lace is a combination most attractive. Old bits of passementerie will work well on these crepons, the more elaborate and showy the better. The sleeves must be long, of course, and made to fit the wrists. These wraps are for sale at all the department stores, but there is no doubt can be made a little

cheaper at home. It however, does not exactly what one likes, all ready made, even if the outlay be a little greater, it is well to secure it.

ECONOMICAL MANGER.

Whether the room for the horse stable is small, or it is where the stalls are arranged across one end of the barn in a 12 or 14 foot space, and where the horses are to face the barn door, this manger will be found exceedingly convenient. In place of the usual wide and deep manger, construct a trough (a) not over one foot wide or deep. Place rods (b) the full width of the manger just for chewing apart so that the horse can get his nose between them to eat his hay or fodder, which is placed upon the slanting rods (c). It is better to have the trough supported at the top by wire or rope (e). The advantages of this manger are a saving of space, no feed can be wasted, and there is no place in which the refuse parts of the feed may collect. The seed and chaff fall through the slats support to the barn floor. When feeding fodder drop this support from the top and the stalks roll out upon the floor, from whence they may easily be carried wherever desired; they thus never become an annoyance in the manger. When hauling hay into the barn this support can

be dropped so as to be entirely out of the way. Withal it is cheap in construction.

The rods in front of the trough may be of wood or iron. The support can be made of half inch boards four inches wide.

Use common four-inch strap hinge.

—LONDON'S STREET LIFE.

Those who have never beheld the glories of the Victoria Regatta may call this description as dull as mud.

"Wings, and Rebecca, are you not always walking up and down, and we never

get any further along from one time to another?"

"I was more than he had ever been able to say before in regard to their personal relation, and he was frightened at his words. So he began again from what he thought was another point, yet, as of the fitness of the heart, the mouth spoke, he could not help betraying his true feelings.

"I'm not getting on very well now, wings, no money, and the Anna. Should get in debt. I thought I would tell you, though I do not know as you will care."

"Yes, I do care—very much, Captain. I know a thing was the matter, and I heard from one of the village girls it was because you neglected me, as the custom of wearing white mittens as the other fisherwives do, when setting their traps. Do you think it is still superstition?"

"Yes, I do in the main."

"So do I when I reason. At other times I had believed in it. There is something at the bottom of all common customs, and beliefs, which, when harmless, is just as well to accept. The little village girls, who have performed that remarkable feat would naturally wish to get all the credit possible. It is an easy task to persuade them that the rush of perfume caused a ripple on the water, they would need some conscientious self-righteousness to dismiss him. However, the scent of these vast white flowers is strong enough for anything—that is certain. Inexperience constantly wonders that all patterns of perfumers who have room enough for a workshop, and a good Victoria Regatta. Perhers enthusiasm is always inexperienced. Did they know the art of the bonnet?

"Rebecca, I have received a moment and returned holding out a pair of snow-white mittens.

"Then, I made them for you. I had to guess at the size most girls wouldn't who have brothers," she said, archly.

"Let me try them on," and she pulled one over Bulen's hand, but before she could adjust the other, his hands in some manner had become inextricably entwined about her waist. Then they sat down, and completed the trying on again and again. They fitted; but Bulen never wore them off again. He hung them up as a sacred trophy over the little mirror in the cabin of his vessel. And he had the after good luck enough.

THREE THEY SAT DOWN.

white to get you, I wonder again—again—heres good in my experience, and I've had a good deal in sickness of one sort and another."

Others, in turn, are good in their place. I like the smell of them, but the taste—"

"That's just it, my son, the smell is something which shows the taste is good sometimes. It is just as being in love and making love like the other you may take, because it is not for everyone, but it naturally follows, and sometimes," she added, with a sly look at Bulen, "she can't help it."

"I'm not going to marry never, no, ever, out of your redoubtless love, mother."

"Well, I can't know you rather before you said that; so don't mind I will say that."

Nobody knows what they say when he loves, or rather they mean, just the other way. I think now I know what is the trouble with your Misses, and she poured out the dose and gave it to him, saying, "It will cure your spirits, as any medicine which Rebecca gives you some soothsaying—just try it, boy." So she said.

Bulen grew pale and nervous in spite of the medicine, but he went about preparing for the winter outing. Bulen's interests and his ambitions were entirely literary. Under her influence, he came to have a strong sympathy for the cause.

He smelt very bad in "real life" when there were causes to be fought for before the grand old men of the land.

He was married at last in 1844, in which year he brought out a revised edition of his poems. A few months later he gathered from the magazines certain prose criticisms, chiefly about the older English poets—criticisms which he thought so mighty as to make him feel that he was a man of no talents that he did not allow them to be noticed in his collected works. And at this time he was a frequent contributor to the Philadelphia " Freeman," the attorney-journal formerly edited by Whittier.

"I have come to see you once more," he said, on meeting her, "but perhaps I had better not say more."

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ONE OF THE UNASHED.

Real Estate Reporter—What's that I heard that man tell you a while ago about there being a drop in real estate?

Horse Reporter—Oh, that was only a joke of his. He was telling me about seeing a trap fall out of a second story window.

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made wide open at the wrists, so that they will fall back gracefully from the arm. They are all trimmed around the hand with fine ruffles.

The most expensive garments of this style are lined throughout with soft white silk, but there are a great many very pretty ones that are lined with percale. The silk linings mean just that extra touch of luxury, which is not possible for every one to indulge in.

There is never any decided change in the fashion of maitness, for they are never extreme. And in spite of the quantities of lace and ribbon necessary to trim them can be made for much less than the designer's price.

There are a great number of patterns which can be copied satisfactorily if one has the slightest knack at dressmaking, and oftentimes the lace and ribbons that have done duty on another gown can be made serviceable for every one to indulge in.

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THE BRANDON MAIL

Thursday, December 5, 1885.

THE WAR IN CUBA

A FORT CAPTURED.

Cuban Insurgents Achieve Another Victory.

Details have just been received at Havana from Santa Clara of the capture of Fort Peñal, on the Zaza river, province of Santa Clara by Maximo Gomez. Gomez may or may not have been driven across the river, as officially stated here, but he is undoubtedly now in the vicinity of Sancti Spiritus with a considerable force of men and means to be able to elude the Spanish columns of troops which were said to be pursuing him out of the province, and into Puerto Principe. Like Boledo and other insurrection leaders, Gomez has been finding dynamite to be a very useful weapon in the warfare being waged against the Spanish troops, and it was by use of that Fort Peñal was captured. The fort, however, is only a small wooden affair, garrisoned by forty soldiers, commanded by one officer, and designed to protect the passage of the river at Peñal. The place was surrounded by insurgents and the garrison was then summoned to surrender but it refused to do so. The insurgents then retired and soon after a dynamite bomb was hurled into the fort and exploded with a report which惊倒了 soldiers that they surrendered. The amount of damage done by the bomb is not known, and it is not certain that anyone was killed. Eight of the soldiers who formed part of the garrison have arrived at Sancti Spiritus, having been derived by the insurgents of their arms and ammunition. The whereabouts of the remainder of the garrison is not known. While the above seems to be the facts of the case, there is a report current that the garrison surrendered before the bomb was thrown, simply when Gomez threatened to have the dynamite thrown into the fort. In official circles this second version of the affair is not believed, but it is understood that the soldier who commanded Fort Peñal reached Sancti Spiritus in safety, he will be promptly tried by court martial, in which it is believed he will be made an example.

The battalion of Gen. Gallegos fought in the district of Santa Clara, a number of bands of insurgents. The insurgents left their Chief Massforn. Twelve more insurgents were also killed. Gen. Wilson, Churchill and other English officers who are travelling through Cuba for the purpose of getting an idea of the methods employed by the Spanish troops in their efforts to put an end to the warfare in Cuba, went by train to Sancti Spiritus. They will travel on horseback through the province of Santa Clara. So far they have been well received. Gen. De Campos and Gen. Narvaez have commenced active operations against Gen. Gomez, who according to all accounts is still camped on the shores of the Bahia river.

RIOT AND PILLAGE

Armenian Insurgents are Becoming More Aggressive and Destructive.

The Turkish legation at Washington has received from the sublime porte the following telegram: "The Armenian insurgents at Zeitoun, Lerned and Keban, numbering more than 800, attacked the district of Enderin, burned the palace of the governor, as well as the houses belonging to the Mussulmans, and captured those Mussulman families that were unable to fly. The rioters fell again on the village of Kortler, Marash, and burned ten houses with their contents. The Armenian rioters at Hammenos having killed two Mussulmans, an affray took place during which there were many killed and wounded on both sides. The rioters restored order. The rebels of Marsovan and Amassa, after closing their shops, went to their church and to different khans, from where they fired on the Mussulmans. Two letters sent from the Armenian bishop of Aleppo to the bishop of Ourfa, through the intermediary of an Armenian disguised as an Arab, but arrested by the authorities of Ourfa, proved the perfect understanding that exists between all the Armenian revolutionaries in Asia Minor. The following is a summary of these letters: 'Send powder to the rebels of Zeitoun, enable them to retake the authorities and procure a certain quantity of saltpetre for the preparation of powder. Baronies and districts are assembling an army. The days are near when bloody deeds will take place. The Armenians of Marash are ready for action and they wish to fight. They ask for arms and ammunition in order to help their comrades.' The above information has been transmitted to all the Armenian revolutionaries."

GRIM AND GRUESOME.

What a Diver Saw at the Bottom of the Bosphorus.

A grim story is published in London, taken from a private letter from Constantinople, according to which a diver, while recently engaged in working in the water of driving piles for a new pier at the Golden Horn, on reaching the sea bottom as expected to find a number surrounded by the bodies of a number of men, apparently standing upright, armoured. Upon investigation the diver discovered that they were the corpses of students, many of whom were known to him personally, who were recently arrested by the Turkish police and afterwards taken out in boats and drowned in the Bosphorus for taking part in the recent disturbances at Stambul. All the bodies had leaden weights attached to the feet which kept them erect. The diver said they were from thirty to fifty bodies in that spot alone.

Your Crop This Year.

It has been cold and you have been able to pay off some old indebtedness and now as far as you live on easy credit, or give your wife a rest in this season. Take a little time now, and you are not bound to the old adage, "A time a little time, then December 1st." Just, inclusively, you can buy a Canadian excursion ticket to points in Ontario and Quebec as far east as Montreal, and for three months, for \$40.00, the Canadian and Northern Pacific lines. See that you are properly dressed. You can then step over in St. Paul, Chicago, Detroit, Montreal, etc., and see how far you can go and be thankful for it. I can safely say I

A FAMOUS REFORMER.

REV. C. J. FREEMAN SPEAKS OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.

He Has Written and Preached on Both Sides of the Atlantic—Recently the Victim of a Peculiar Affliction From Which He Was Released in a Marvelous Manner.

From Boston Herald.

No. 157 Emerson St., South Boston, is the present home of Rev. C. J. Freeman, B. A., Ph. D., the recent rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Anchorage, Mont. During the reform movement which has swept over Boston, Dr. Freeman has been frequently heard from through the various newspapers, and although a resident of a comparatively recent date, he has exerted much public influence, which has been increased by the fact that he was ten years ago on a commission appointed to England to investigate the troublesome question of the vice of greatness.

He has preached before cultured audiences in the old world, as well as the rough pioneers in the mining towns of the Rocky mountains, and his utterances as well as his writings have been in the line of progress and liberalism, well sustained with practical common sense. Dr. Freeman has written this paper a letter which will be read with interest. He says:

"Five years ago I found out that deep study and excessive literary work, in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties, were undermining my health. I detected that I was unable to understand things as clearly as I usually did; that after but little thought and study I suffered from a dull pain in the head and great weariness, and all thought and study became trouble to me. I lost appetite, did not relish ordinary food, after eating, suffered acute pains in the chest and back. There was a sense of the stomach, and the use of my food seemed to turn to sour water, with much sickness, an aching feeling in vomiting, and a strong water.

"SAYS HE WILL HANG.

HARRY HAYWARD Had Deadly Poison on His Person.

Hayward is doomed to hang. Not alone by the final decision of the supreme court of Minnesota, but by his own voluntary act this morning, says the Minneapolis Penny Press.

Before a deputy sheriff and a Penny Press reporter in the bath room, when stripped for his last bath and examination, Hayward, with a reckless laugh, took from his foot a dark colored plaster containing the deadliest of poisons and threw it in the stove near his hand.

"There's your scoop!" he exclaimed to the reporter.

Deputy Algate Anderson, who was on guard typewritten and swept the tampon through his eye, but it had been done with lightning rapidity.

"Talk about finding \$500 bills and things like that," laughed Harry. "Well, they couldn't find anything. That, with a slight motion downward toward his foot, "has been there a long time, Harry seemed delighted, so fast did he talk.

"Speaking about outside," he went on, "a man who is to hang gets no odds by killing himself. I have made up my mind to that after a long deliberation. The fact is, I have been thinking about hanging so much that I kind of want to."

"I want to hang."

"Since Tuesday I have expected it. I will take my chances on a hereafter."

County physician Burton was on hand to search the prisoner after the bath and an entire change of garments, minus the buckles and shoes were given to him. Then he was placed in a new cell, freshly cleaned and scrubbed.

Deputy Algate Anderson had plenty of time when he went to work to search the goods and chattels of the condemned man save the Minneapolis Tribune. He went at the work carefully, but search as he might, there appeared to be nothing that could be detrimental to life or limb save in the various places about the cell. Anderson resolved, however, that he would make the most minute inquiry, so he began to pick things to pieces. Suddenly he thought that the bed slate, which was polished at one end looked as if it had been handled considerably. A closer inspection revealed a pin in one place, and two more in other portions. Anderson drilled out the pins, and in each hole he succeeded in finding a \$100 bill.

He was \$400 of the missing money that could not be accounted for. It was quite a safety deposit vault. Having had such success, Anderson went further, he explored in the clothing, and finally, just as he was giving up his search, was further rewarded. Hayward's shoes were opened and the insoles taken out of each. There was apparently nothing beneath it.

In the end of one, however, Anderson saw what he thought was a scratch.

Picking at it with a knife, he discovered that a piece of the heel, an inch square, had been cut out from the inside, and after it had been opened to the depth of an inch, the leather had been pasted underneath the sole and pasted in the inside, pasting over. In the bottom of this little safety deposit vault was snugly folded a \$100 bill.

In fact Hayward appeared to have been loaded with money. He not only had supplied the prisoners with bills of various denominations, but had \$800 left to him in his clothing. When the clothing was taken from him, he never made a motion to betray that there was anything of value inside. The balance of his chattels will be searched carefully.

MORAL IN WHEAT.

Sow the Best Varieties and Get the Highest Price.

Mr. Thos. Mills, of Millsboro farm, ten miles northwest of the city, recently with the Northwestern, in Winnipeg, recently with the example of straight Red Fife wheat of the finest quality. Mr. Mill brought a quantity of this wheat into the city and received 44 cents a bushel for it from the Ogilvie Milling company. He states that his neighbors who grow the ordinary grades of wheat which has a mixture of white Fife only receive 20 cents a bushel for it. Mr. Mill is the son of the man that owned his mother and his other Manitoba neighbors grow this grade better price would prevail. He got the seed from Major Bell of the Indiana Head farm same time last year. The Major brought it from the United States.

THINK IT'S COLD.

A rapid fall in temperature during the past 24 hours is reported from almost every point on the Pacific coast. In many places in Oregon, Washington and Idaho it was below freezing the other day. At Fresno, centre of the wine culture in California, the temperature fell to 28 degrees, the lowest point recorded in nine years.

EDWARD L. DREWRY, WINNIPEG

was never in a better state of health than I am to-day, and that I attribute to the patient, persevering use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"I fully, strongly and cordially commend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all or any who suffer in a similar way and feel sure that anyone who adopts Pink Pills with perseverance and patience cannot fail their expectations unrealized or their reasonable hopes blasted. But he will find that blessing which is the reward of a life-time in the art of health.

"I have a new wife and desire the greatest success for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always cherish a deep feeling of gratitude to the friend who first said to me buy Pink Pills. I have tried them and know their true value, and am truly glad I did, for I have found them from a good experience to do more than is actually claimed for them."

Very faithfully yours,

C. J. FREEMAN, B. A., Ph. D.

late rector of St. Mark's, Montana.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give a new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves.

They are an amazing specific for such diseases as, locomotor atrophy, partial or complete paralysis, St. Vitus dance, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either male or female. Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail, either address, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.00.

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SCRUPULOUS SYMPTOMS.

Are tumors, abscesses, sore eyes, emptions and obstinate skin diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters cures all blood diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. In all cases of this nature where the skin is broken and sore, or ulcers exist, the outward application of B. B. B. diluted with water if necessary, and applied on soft lined cloths is recommended to insure a perfect cure.

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Six weeks ago Jean Spencer, of Oshkosh, Wis., started out for a few minutes ride on his bicycle. In a week his friends got a letter from him in Indiana, then from Kentucky and finally from Tennessee. Two weeks ago he was found upon a country road a few miles from Nashville and was taken to a hospital suffering from brain fever. He was brought home with his dilapidated wheel. He has fully recovered.

None Better Known.

There is no better known traveller in the Maritime Provinces than Mr. G. Fred Anderson, the popular representative of Messrs. T. S. Simms & Co., St. John, N. B. Speaking of Norway Pine Syrup, Mr. Anderson says: "It is the best cough cure I have ever used and I prefer it to any other. I have given it to friends of mine and it cures every time. It would be a difficult matter now to induce me to use any other."

Five barbers in Paris make a livelihood by shaving dogs. Some of the dogs have the forepart of the body shaved, some the rear, while others are shaved in six or seven strips.

Yellow Oil used internally cures or relieves croup, asthma, sore throat, bronchitis and similar complaints. Use externally on man or beast, it cures rheumatism, sprains, bruises, galls, chilblains, frost bites, lambs, lame back, cuts, wounds, insect bites.

Twenty-four drels between newspaper editors in Madrid are impending.

UNABLE TO WORK.

"I was troubled with Liver Complaints so much that I was unable to work because of the pain and sickness it caused. The pain under my right shoulder and in my side was very severe. I am glad to say that one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters completely cured me and I am now in perfect health.

E. DAGENALIS.

St. Rose de Laval, Quebec.

For a long time after he had escaped in inserting himself through the door at home, he regularly lay in silence.

At length she spoke.

Ask the space at length.

LUNGS CLOSED UP.

"I was—In the early part of the winter I caught a bad cold, followed by a severe cough. I did not sleep as my lungs would not let me. I could walk only a few yards without stopping to take a breath. I went to Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion and before I had finished the third bottle, the cough was gone—I could breath freely and felt like a new man. I advise all sufferers from coughs, colds or influenza to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion a trial.

JOHN S. HILL.

Tenny Cape, Hants Co., N. S.

Hinks—My wife speaks four languages.

Hinks—Mine only finds time to speak one.

Haggard's Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat and all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest.

Books, Books, Books.

Business men—400 pages practical commercial sales information in 48 pages. Over 10000 copies sold. \$1.00 open to 24 hours to post office and telegraph offices agents. Write immediately N. W. Nichols, Wesley Building, Toronto.

STOVES!

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THE GURNEY STOVE AND RANGE CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

WINTER EXCURSIONS

VIA

NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

TRY IT

Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick.

Commencing DECEMBER 1st, the Northern Pacific R.R. will sell winter excursion tickets, via ST. PAUL and CHICAGO, to points in Eastern Canada west of Montreal at

\$40 FOR THE ROUND TRIP \$40

And to points east of Montreal by the addition of one fare for each point to the above rate. Tickets will be on sale daily until the end of the year.

Good for three months, with stop or privilege both ways.

We offer CHOICE OF ROUTES

QUICK TIME

COMFORTABLE TRAINS.

And something to see on the way down.

TO THE OLD COUNTRY—round trip tickets on sale at reduced rates.

via Halifax, B. n. N. & York and Philadelphia.

For full information call at our office, Ticket Office, 480 Main St., or at

depot, or write

E. SWINFORD, General Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

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